

Peanut Butter Cup

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Peanut Butter Cup

by [sourweather](#)

Summary

Adam ends up getting steamy with Nigel for the first time in the driveway. Not a great idea when his brothers are both home.

Notes

You pluck the Peanut Butter Cup from your Chocolate Sampler. Even looking at it reminds you of being young. It's soft all the way through, smooth chocolate giving way to creamy peanut butter. It's sticky in your mouth, and the slight hint of salt from the peanut butter helps cut through all the sweetness just right.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Nigel's car smells like sex.

It usually smells like cigarettes, and leather, and Nigel's natural musk. Not tonight. Adam's head is tossed back against the headrest, lips parted as he pants out little hitching breaths. He draws in a sharp gasp, and it floods his brain with the scents of lovemaking. Their pheromones, blending together. Adam's own slick. Something new, too, something hot and addictive that Adam's never scented before. Alphan lust.

It's not how he expected his first sexual experience to be. He's sprawled out in Nigel's front seat, trembling thighs spread as wide as he can get them in the cramped car. His pants have been shoved down to his knees, the leather of the seat sticks uncomfortably to his bare ass. Nigel's body is leaned across the car, his ribs digging painfully into the center console. Even so, he struggles to thrust his fingers at just the right angle. Everything is a little awkward, a little imperfect.

It's nice.

"Fuck, you smell so good," Nigel groans in his ear, and Adam mewls. He tries to part his legs wider, crushing his knee against the passenger's side door in the process. Nigel dives his fingers deep into Adam's cunt, and the soft squelch of his slick is barely audible over the alt-rock pouring from Nigel's speakers but it still makes Adam blush. He's dripping by now, probably marking Nigel's interior with his scent and creating a dark, damp stain. He can't help it, he's never been touched by hands other than his own and doing this with Nigel just feels so... *right*.

They've been dating in secret for a while, now, and Adam's lost count of how many times he's fantasized about losing his virginity to Nigel. Still, he wasn't expecting it to happen tonight. They'd snuck out together, explored an empty park, made out under the stars. Then Nigel drove him home. One little goodbye kiss turned into another, and another, until suddenly Adam was wet and reaching for the button on his blue jeans.

Nigel laps at his scent gland, and Adam whimpers. He can *feel* his slick gush over the Alpha's fingers. It's a little embarrassing, but it feels too good for Adam to worry much. His head is turning fuzzy, his chest heaving as he sucks in breath after breath of *Alpha, Alpha, Alpha*.

"So fucking wet," Nigel growls, and Adam moans when the pad of his calloused thumb circles his stiff clit. "You gonna come for me, baby?"

Adam nods, desperately. He pulls Nigel into a heated kiss, then shamelessly shoves his face against Nigel's scent glands. Nigel's possessive rumble thrums through Adam's body, makes hot pleasure swirl in the pit of his stomach. "Close," he moans, muffled against the other boy's throat. "D-Don't stop, please, *Alpha*."

The word slips out entirely by accident, but Nigel growls in response, fingering him faster than before while his pheromones surge forward and threaten to drown Adam's mind. Pressure coils in Adam's core, he whines, high and needy.

Several things happen at once. Nigel pulls his hand away from Adam's cunt, leaving him dripping and unsatisfied and unbearably empty. The car's door is yanked open, exposing Adam's now overheated body to the cold night air. With it comes a rush of another Alpha's scent, tinged with rage. Instinctively, Adam bares his teeth, hissing at the strange Alpha that's interrupted his orgasm.

When he turns to face the intruder, though, the anger drains from his face, replaced by a dazed wave of dread.

Bobby stands over him, his body tight with icy fury. Beside him, Adam hears Nigel whisper an emphatic '*shit*,' under his breath.

"Get out of the car, Adam," his eldest brother says, unnervingly even.

Adam swallows anxiously, glancing between Bobby and Nigel. His body seems unwilling to obey him, suddenly, his brain is too full of cotton to make himself stand.

Bobby snarls. "**Now.**"

Fear cuts through the fog enough for Adam to move, and he goes stumbling to his feet. His legs threaten to buckle beneath him as he pulls his pants up. He can feel how red his face burns, the heat searing him from his hairline to his sternum. The denim of his jeans clings to the slick still wetting his thighs, and the feeling is enough to make Adam whimper in discomfort.

"What the hell's gotten into you?"

Adam shuts his eyes. He's never been so humiliated in all his life, he wants to hide and never come back out again.

"This isn't like you, Adam, what the fuck were you thinking? And you— I oughtta call your fucking parents!"

He leans back against the body of the car, trying to breathe as his brother continues his tirade. His skin prickles against the chill, but Adam still feels like he's burning all over. His hand moves to his stomach, a sharp pain stabbing at his core. Adam winces. He often has stomach cramps in moments of anxiety, but this feels... different. Slick leaks into his underwear, his body demanding the orgasm it's been so abruptly denied. His brow furrows, he breathes deeper. He can still smell Nigel from outside the car, but it feels impossibly far away, now. He needs to be closer to it. It's all he can think about, Nigel's scent and the warmth of his skin and how exposed Adam feels without him.

"Are you even listening to me?!" Bobby shouts, and Adam clenches his teeth. "Look at me, Adam!"

The whine comes out at the same moment that Adam opens his eyes. It's a pained sound, his body's way of begging for relief. Begging for a mate.

The second it hits the air, Bobby's pupils blow wide. As if from miles away, Adam hears Nigel growl. He sways a little on his feet.

"Adam?" Bobby says, much less angry than before. "Hey, come here."

Despite the request, Bobby is the one who approaches. His nostrils flair, checking Adam's scent. He cups Adam's jaw with both hands, gently presses his thumbs to Adam's swollen scent glands. Adam gasps, blushing even redder than before when the pressure against his scent glands makes his cunt leak more slick.

Bobby sighs, mutters an exhausted '*Jesus*' to himself. "Alright, come on, let's get you inside. Can you walk?"

As if on cue, Adam's knees wobble, and Bobby grits his teeth. "Come on," he says again, and the next moment Adam is being hoisted into his brother's arms. Over Adam's shoulder, he growls a low "This is **not** over," in Nigel's direction. Then to Adam, he adds "We aren't done talking about this, you got that?"

Adam just whimpers, watching the distance between his Alpha and himself growing as Bobby carries him away. He whines pitifully, and Bobby huffs out another aggravated sigh.

As soon as the front door shuts behind them, Adam hears footsteps in the hall. He scents the presence before he sees him, the warm, calming aroma of a fellow Omega.

"What's going on?" Will asks, and Bobby shoulders past him en route to Adam's bedroom. "Why's everybody up?"

"Ask your brother," Bobby grunts. He enters Adam's room, sets him down in the center of his nest. For all of his anger, he's always gentle.

Will must scent the air, because his next words are laced with understanding. "Oh, Adam," he coos, and his middle brother is immediately kneeling by Adam's side. "You okay?"

"He's fucking grounded, is what he is," Bobby replies. "For a month, at least. And your Heat doesn't count, yeah?"

Will frowns hard, looking to Adam's bedroom window. Adam can still hear the purring of Nigel's car outside. "What did he do?" Will asks. Then, to Adam "What did you do?"

Adam whines again, shimmying his way out of his sweater so that he can bury his face in the fabric. Nigel's scent hangs onto it, mixed with his own. It soothes some of the ache eating away at him. "Alpha," he whimpers, too needy to think of anything else. "I— ngh, I need my Alpha, please..."

Distantly, Adam hears Bobby's heavy footsteps retreating. Leaving him alone with Will.

Will squints through the window blinds again, flairs his nostrils. He grins. "*Ohh*," he says, drawing it out almost teasingly. "No wonder Bobby's so pissed. Since when do you have an Alpha?"

Adam just huffs, hiding his face further in the sweater. Will sighs softly, pets down Adam's back.

A few minutes later, the bedroom door swings open again. Adam's entirely body comes to life again when he breathes in, scenting Nigel on the air. "Alpha!" he mewls, but when he rolls over in the nest, Adam sees Bobby standing in the doorway.

"Don't get too excited," he chides, approaching the nest. "You're sixteen, Adam, like hell am I letting an Alpha anywhere near you like this. But I, uh... asked the kid to loan you something."

As he speaks, Bobby presents Adam with a bundle of fabric. Adam thrills when it joins him in the nest, eagerly rubbing it against his scent glands. It's an oversize grey hoodie, and it smells strongly of Nigel.

"He nearly fucking fell over himself to get this out of his backseat. Then I told him to get the hell out of here."

Will laughs, but Adam is too busy rolling around on the new addition to his nest to notice. He holds it close to his face, filling his head once more with the scent of his Alpha.

End Notes

Thanks so much to: Collapseofjune and hannibble for giving me the ingredients to make this chocolate!

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